The Little Goodwitch

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Glynda Goodwitch finds a little boy separated from his family during a tour of Beacon Academy. She ends up discovering a disturbing revelation, and decides to mend the wrongs the boy's family had committed on him...

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Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2

Chapter 1

Harry had finished breakfast at the highest of speed possible, and was now cleaning the kitchen. Today had to be important, because Harry had been given some normal clothing. They were going out! Harry was overjoyed to be wearing fresh, clean clothing! "Don't get used to it Freak...we have to travel all the way to that blasted School for my Dudders." Vernon growled at him.

Harry nodded timidly. He knew he wouldn't have them for long...Vernon had made it very clear he was planning to burn his clothes after it was done. He was tossed into the cramped car and buried under his cousin's stuff. After everyone was loaded they began the drive... Harry struggled for breath under the massive pile of things. He eventually found a position where he could breathe correctly and stayed there, still, attempting to stay alive. He was really scared now...It was dark and crowded, like his cupboard. He tried to calm himself by something he'd found. They were really cool...he didn't know what they were called but they had big weapons and they killed the scary monsters... He'd managed to get his hands on a book about hunters and huntresses. He read it every single night, over and over again. He had to hear more about the exploits of the famous Huntress! Glynda Goodwitch...she looked so cool! And maybe she'd be at the school! But he wouldn't get to talk to her for too long...His uncle would never allow it. Maybe he'd get to wave! No...he'd get hit more... He sniffled a bit and snuggled up to the car seat beneath the bags. Then for the next couple hours, they drove.

Harry heard Dudley eagerly talking to his parents as the car moved forward. "I'm gonna be the best huntsmen ever! Better than everyone! You'll get me into school now won't you?"

"We'll see, Dudders." Vernon said with a chuckle.

"Oh and here we are! Now we just need to take the pretty air plane for the school tour!" Petunia cooed.

Vernon stormed to the back of the car to collect the freak. "Out you go! Now stay close!" he demanded, pushing him into the large ship and holding his neck. Harry whimpered softly and nodded. After an agonizingly terrified ride, they landed at the School...Dudley couldn't stay sitting straight, Petunia was snapping pics and Vernon was looking around, trying to find some sort of aplication form. And Harry just stared straight ahead, not intending on speaking at all.

Soon, they were met by a cheerful Faunus tour guide, with dog ears. 'Hello and welcome to Beacon academy! I'm your tour guide, Ashlyn, and today we'll be showing you around the school! Now come on everyone!" she said cheerfully. It had taken a lot of courage to do this, especially for humans... and then Vernon had to cough rudely and mumble some words Ashlyn's ears drooped and she scowled as she turned her back to the man. "Let's get going." she said coldly, leading the group into the school quickly. It was quite packed, there being little room to move. Dudley and Vernon were audibly complaining about how small it was. Vernon had straight up let go of Harry, leaving him to be pulled and tossed around violently. It was like being in a big huge blender...with legs. Eventually, he was booted out into an empty hallway, where no one was walking. The crowd was all moving off in a different direction. There was no way he'd find his family now!

Harry watched them leave, stunned. He was...he was in so much trouble...

He stood up and tried to find a way around the school. If he could get out of here, then maybe it would be like he hadn't left! He walked along the marble hallways, by himself, until he heard loud clicking heels. Now he was scared! He couldn't be seen! He couldn't! He rushed behind a pillar and hid, peeking out at the hallway where the clicking heels were coming from. He would've stayed perfectly hidden...if the lady hadn't been his newfound idol. With her white top,

black mini skirt, and riding crop in her hand, Glynda Goodwitch walked into the hallway, writing something on a clipboard.

Harry's eyes widened in awe as he looked at her. He let out a little gasp, that echoed on the wall, then alerted the Huntress to his presence. "Who's there? I'm not fond of people spying on me!" she growled, looking towards the pillar. Harry let out a small whimper as he flinched. She sounded mad, and when people were mad, they hit him... "Come out now." she said, pointing at the pillar. She watched in mild surprise as a tiny, toddler-like figure appeared from behind it. Glynda adjusted her glasses and knelt down with a raised brow. "Oh...I had no idea you were such a little one..."

"I-I-I'm sorry Miss Goodwitch! I-I got lost, and I'm not s-supposed to b-be...seen" he apologized, walking over and looking up at her.

Glynda smiled. "Ah, so you've heard of me, hmm?"

"I-I read a book...a-and you killed all the scary monsters..." he said with a small smile. H-He was meeting his idol!

Glynda smiled. "Ah, yes, back in the day I WAS rather formidable."

"S-So...are you gonna...hit me now..?" he asked, flinching.

Glynda stared at him with wide eyes. "...I beg your pardon?"

"Um...I-I made you mad...so now you're gonna hit me right?" he asked, getting confused

Glynda frowned. "Why on Earth should I hurt you in any way?"

"Uh...c-cause that's what I was...born to...do...be hit." he stuttered out again, looking away with fierce shame written on his features. Glynda stiffened as she saw the signs.

"Who told you that?" She said sternly.

"M-My Uncle Miss Goodwitch...and My Aunt...and my cousin..." he said, looking more and more deflated by the moment

Glynda crossed her arms. "Inexcusable..." She said furiously.

"W-What...? What's wrong Miss Goodwitch? D-Did I do something wrong?!" he cried, freaking out.

Glynda didn't give him a verbal response. Instead, she knelt down and pulled him into a tight hug. "No. You did nothing wrong. Now, I want you to find that disgusting family of yours, right now." she said, pulling away and looking at him intensely, "Now, come with me. I need the intercoms. What's your family's name?"

Harry whimpered and rested his head on her shoulder. "U-Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and...and Dudley..."

Glynda nodded, taking his hand in hers and leading him toward her office. "Last names?"

"D-D-Dursley...Oh, Uncle Vernon's gonna beat me up..."

"No. No he won't!" she growled, angry. He flinched and seemed to move away.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." He mumbled frantically.

"There is NOTHING you did wrong, little boy." She said, just as stern. Harry flinched again. Glynda knew she was going to have to calm herself and stop being so stern with him. "Now...can you tell me your name?" she asked, significantly softer and nicer than her previous tone. She remembered her training with children, as her work could sometimes come into contact with them. So she knelt down, trying not to make him feel small, and placed a hand on his shoulder. "I apologize for sounding mean...now, tell me your name."

Harry sniffled. "Um...M-My name is H-Harry..." He said softly. "Hi...Miss Goodwitch..."

"Hello dear. Now, you just sit right here on the chair..." she said, lifting him on her chair behind her neat and tidy wooden desk. She then reached for the intercom and turned it on. She cleared her throat, "Will Vernon Dursley, Petunia Dursley, and Dudley Dursley report to my office immediately?" Harry flinched when he heard her say those names. Glynda noticed his demeanour. Calmly, she rose to her feet and stood in front of him protectively. "Now...I have a few questions for you before they get here, ok?" she asked, crouching down once more.

"O-Ok Miss Goodwitch..."

She nodded, then responded, "Did they ever...hit you Harry?"

Harry bit his lip, then slowly took off his shirt to show her... Glynda raised a hand to her mouth and let out a small gasp. Bruises and cuts..bruises and cuts everywhere...it was like he was taking a part time job in being a punching bag! Her eyes narrowed, and she gave him another hug. "E-EEP!" Harry yelped as she wrapped her arms around him. A sound that was extremely cute...

Glynda looked at him tenderly and placed her hand on his cheek. "Don't worry...you're not gonna take this treatment any more." she promised, hearing a knock on her door. "Enter. It's not locked." She said curtly, readying to attack if need be. Three horribly misshapen humans entered the office, and Harry whimpered, hiding behind Goodwitch's leg. Goodwitch narrowed her eyes as they entered. Thankfully, Harry was so tiny the Dursleys didn't even see him from behind the blonde woman's leg. Glynda noticed their angry faces...well except for the smaller fatty, who looked like he was about to drop dead at the sight of Glynda. Another fan" she supposed. Now to get to the reason they were here. "Mr. and Mrs. Dursley." She said sternly. "I'm going to come right out and say it...Does the name Harry mean anything to you horrible human beings?"

Harry let out another whimper, and Vernon growled. "No miss...he doesn't.." he said, obviously lying,

Glynda crossed her arms, then calmly turned and picked Harry up. "This one says otherwise." she commented coldly. It was hard to ignore him diving into her neck to hide...cute...

But now he was shaking something fierce. Glynda fought back the urge to smirk. Surely he knew he was in good hands. Then Vernon started screaming. "YOU BLOODY FREAK! YOU IGNORED MY ORDERS-" he was cut off by a purple beam flying from her riding crop and sending him flying.

"Don't you DARE raise your voice to him. You have NO RIGHT." Glynda said strictly.

Petunia gasped and shrieked, and she was shot by Glynda as well. She then called for security, hitting a button on her intercom. Dudley just stood there, confused. "Um...Did mommy and daddy do something wrong?" He asked innocently.

Goodwitch just stared at him. "Yes...yes they did..."

Dudley nodded. "So they need to go away for a while? So they can be better people?"

"Yes." Goodwitch replied, watching as the armored guard took Vernon and Petunia away. Dudley looked confused, but nodded in understanding. If his parents did something bad, they had to be punished. That's just how hunters worked. Then Goodwitch gave her report to the security guards, before heading for the Nurse. She wanted this boy checked out immediately, She also requested they figure out something to do with the other boy. "um...take him to a orphanage or something..." She commented. Dudley nodded in affirmation. Ever since he had gotten into hunters and huntresses, he had become less bratty and more childishly excited, wanting to better himself to be like his idols. He even waved by to Harry as he left... Harry tugged on Glynda's shirt to get her attention. Glynda looked down at him with a frown. "Yes, dear? What is it?"

"Um..w-where are we going Miss Goodwitch..?"

Glynda gently ran her fingers through his hair. "I'm taking you to see the nurse, dear."

"F-for what..?" He asked, confused.

"Well, to mend your wounds, of course." She replied. "Why else?"

"But...t-they're supposed to stay...as reminders..." He said, tilting his head. He was just seriously confused...

Glynda's eye twitched. "When the nurse is finished, not a single scar will remain."

"B-B-But-" Harry stuttered out. He was going to be healed, and his Icon was holding him like a baby... what was going on?!

Glynda's expression softened immensely as she gazed down at the little boy. "No...no what they said was wrong Harry. You are a child one that needs to be treated with the utmost care.." She rocked him back and forth. "You're a delicate little boy, and it's unacceptable to hurt you in any way."

"P-P-P-Promise...?" he stuttered out, looking close to tears.

Glynda felt a pang of sadness looking down at him. He seemed so broken... "Yes...I really promise...now, let's go get you healed up, then we'll have a chat." she said, entering the Nurse's office.

Harry smiled tearfully and snuggled up into the blonde's chest. Goodwitch didn't have a way to respond...she'd only known how to calm down distraught children, not play mother... But it WAS a very cute gesture...Harry was a cuddly little dear. But she'd never admit that out loud. the Nurse, a kind woman with red hair in a ponytail, stood from her desk,and smiled. "Why hello there, and who's this?" She asked.

"A little boy...he's been roughed up pretty badly...please help him Miss." she asked, pleadingly.

The nurse nodded. "Well of course. That is my job, after all." Goodwitch set Harry on the cot, then let the Nurse do her work. She was standing off to the side, watching. Something compelled her to stay with the boy... The Nurse pulled off his shirt, and gasped. "C-Child what happened?!" Glynda had turned away when Harry's shirt was taken off, not wanting to see those horrible wounds again. "I-I'll fix this up right away!" she declared, pressing her hands to him and allowing the pinkish light to wash over his body.

Harry flinched and squeezed his eyes shut instinctively... But then...he felt...REALLY really good... Like all his pain and suffering was just washed away! He started to poke at his chest, and his mind went a little hazy... Glynda immediately stepped in. "Ooookay, maybe you're feeding him too much." she said, trying to stop her.

"No Miss Goodwitch, please, it's almost done. He'll just be a little talkative for a bit."

Glynda put a hand on her hip, then relented with a deep sigh. "Proceed..." The Nurse finished up, and Harry swayed, back and forth.

He was looking practically drunk. "h-hi miss G-Goodwitch...boy..y-you're so cool..."

Glynda smirked mirthfully at his words. "Well, thank you. I haven't heard those words in ages."

"I-I wish you were...hee...my mommy...s-so cool..." He said tiredly and slurred, being picked up by Goodwitch. He leaned onto her chest to rest his head.

Glynda didn't realize, but she was blushing profusely upon hearing the little boy's words. "That's very nice dear. Now...we should get you back to my office to lay down, before the bell-"

RIIIIING

Glynda sighed and rubbed her temples. "...Rings..."

Instantly, students burst from the classrooms, a particular group of four darting out first... Glynda's mouth formed into a thin line as her eyes narrowed. "Oh my gosh why is she-"

"I never knew Miss Goodwitch had a son..."

"AWWWW HE'S ADORABLE!" A younger student exclaimed, using her speed semblance to appear in front of Glynda.

Glynda narrowed her eyes. "Miss Rose, don't be tardy now."

"It's physically impossible for me to be tardy ma'am! Now who's this cutie?!"

"M-Miss Goodwitch she's...pretty..."

Ruby giggled. "Awww, I wanna hold him!"

"Miss Rose, he's on Anesthetic..."

"Doesn't change the fact he's adorable! Pleeeeaaase?" She persisted.

Glynda rolled her eyes. "Are you certain you're not five?" She said as she relinquished Harry to the perky goth.

"Nope! Now, what's your name little guy?" She cooed. Ruby just LOVED children. Like a lot.

"H-Harry...Goodwitch is like my mommy...and you're nice..."

Glynda's eyes widened. "Now wait just a moment..."

"AWWWW! That's so sweet! Is he your son Miss Goodwitch?! He's just so cute!" She gushed.

"Ruby you dolt what are you-you have a kid." Weiss commented.

Ruby giggled. "He's Miss Goodwitch's!"

"Miss Goodwitch you have a son? That's...surprising..." Blake commented, arriving in the scene.

"Mama GoodWitchy witch!" Harry clapped.

Glynda groaned and facepalmed. "I'm considering taking up drinking now..."

"Nooo! No drink!" Harry protested, reaching out for Glynda randomly. Ruby shrugged at his suddenly urgent tone and handed him back.

"What are you on about Harry..?" She asked, looking at him seriously and stepping through the crowd, which parted around her. She FINALLY got back to her office...

"D-Drink bad...a-aunt Petunia made me drink C-Chemicals..."

Glynda's face blanched at his words, and she felt as though she herself had drank chemicals. "I...oh my god...Ohhh God..." She said, freaking out.

Harry giggled softly in his stupour. "But you won't do that to me, cause you're nice."

"No Harry, never." She promised, patting his head.

"You...mommy..."

Glynda looked away with a blush. Then she noticed him seem to totally succumb to anaesthesia and lean his head against her chest, falling asleep and clutching at her shirt. Glynda smiled softly. It was cute, she would readily admit. "Ohhh Harry...what am I gonna do with you now?" She mused to herself, setting him in her chair. She frowned and moved a stray lock of hair from his eyes. The orphanage was absolutely out of the question. Because of the less recent Grimm attacks, there were no reports of death and orphans in the city. So the orphanages weren't really well funded or taken care

of. Of course that left the question of what would happen with the other boy... Foster Care mayhaps...? Yes, the fosters weren't too bad, and he'd likely grow up disciplined. But...Glynda didn't want to leave Harry for some reason... He really struck a chord with her. He was well mannered, tiny, adorable, sweet... But she was a huntress! She couldn't spend her time playing with children...

Then she took a look at his sweet sleeping face. ...Okay... Maybe she could make time... Smiling slightly, she knelt down and put a hand on the boy's cheek. "...I'm a huntress...therefore I have to protect you..." She whispered. She then slowly kissed his forehead. And he stirred a bit more, visibly enjoying the attention. Glynda smiled softly and ruffled his hair. "Perhaps I can call in a substitute for today..." She leaned down and lifted him up, signing out of school with a note on her desk. She held him against her shoulder. Oh, she shuddered to think of how Ozpin would tease her when he found out... She strutted out of the school quickly, then hopped in her car, laying Harry down in the back seat. She made sure he was buckled in securely. She wanted to make sure he was nice and safe. Then she broke the law a little bit by speeding out of the parking lot. She flinched when she realized what she was doing and berated herself.

"Calm down Glynda...it's just a drive home..." She said shaking her head. "I must follow the law...Can't go too fast now..." She then moved at the most desirable speed and drive for her Condo. She did sneak a glance back at Harry as she drove. He was stirring a little bit, looking close to awakening. Glynda frowned. He needed his rest... "W-what's going...on..?" He mumbled, the Anesthetic seeming to have worn off. "Miss Goodwitch...?" He called out.

"Hello, Harry." She said kindly. "Did you sleep well?"

"My head hurts..." He whimpered.

Glynda smiled. "Don't worry...You're okay."

"Miss Goodwitch, my boo boo's are gone!" He cheered.

Glynda nodded. "I should hope so. It's good to know you're feeling well."

"Um...w-where are we going?"

"To my home. You'll be staying with me until further notice." Glynda explained.

"Y-You don't want me to stay with you! I'll break something!" He protested , fearful.

Glynda sighed. "Oh, Harry..." She said softly.

"P-Please just throw me in a cupboard, Y-You're nice, and I don't want to-" Harry was cut off by The huntress.

"Harry..." She said, surprised by how gentle and soothing her voice sounded.

"P-Please..." He trailed off.

"No Harry. I'm not going to do that." Harry sniffled. He was SO confused... "Now...I'm taking you to my house, and feeding you, chatting with you, then putting you down for a nap."

Harry tilted his head. "But I just woke up..." He said softly.

"You need more rest. You're shaking and you look like you can barely keep your eyes open." She replied, parking.

Harry nodded timidly. "Okay...Sorry..."

"Nothing to Apologize for." She said dismissively, turning off the car and going out, swiping Harry out of the back seat. "Now, come along. You're too skinny, you need to eat something."

"W-What do you want to eat..? I can cook..." He replied, looking proud.

Glynda sighed. "Oh no...You're too young to cook. I will be making our food."

"U-Understood...I stink at it anyway.." he moped

Glynda gave him a sad glance. "Now Harry...I'm sure you're good at it, but it's quite dangerous." She said, stroking his hair. "You could burn yourself, or accidentally start a fire. It's not safe for young children to work the stove."

"Y-Yes ma'am..." he responded. Glynda smiled and patted his head, then entered her home. It was a luxurious sort of spot, everything in its place, and no dust present.

Glynda always made sure to keep her home tidy in case she had guests. Plus, she just plain did not like messes. "Y-Your house i-is really pretty Miss Goodwitch..."

Glynda smiled proudly. "Thank you, I do try."

"W-Where do I clean though...?" He questioned, looking up at her in confusion.

Glynda smiled and patted his head. "All I ask is that you clean up after yourself."

"Y-Yes ma'am..." he promised, being sat on her Granite counter while she set out to cook up some food.'

He just sat still, softly humming to himself. "What a lovely singing voice you have," Glynda teased, getting out a macaroni box. Harry blushed, and looked down, not aware she had heard him. "No no, keep going. It's lovely." She commented on him, looking at him expectedly. Harry blushed and continued, still a bit shy. Glynda smiled and patted his head once more, pouring the noodles into a collander. Harry watched with rapt attention.

The cheese was poured in, and mixed...and the voila! Food! Glynda calmly placed a plate of food in front of Harry. "Eat." she gently ordered

Harry obeyed eagerly, taking a spoonful of food and raising it to his mouth. He then bit down, and his mouth exploded. IT WAS SO GOOOD! He attacked the rest of his meal, every bite going right into his mouth. Glynda watched in amusement and giggled when he finished, holding his stomach "That was yummy..." He complimented shyly.

"Glad you enjoyed it. Now...I know you must be super confused..." she started off, setting him on the table and sitting in front of him.

Harry nodded. "This isn't like the life I'm supposed to live..."

"I'm going to explain this to you...sound good?" she asked.

Harry nodded. "Please do..."

"Now...I want EVERYTHING, they ever told you disregarded, as it was most likely a lie."

Harry tilted his head. "So I'm not a freak?"

"No, you are a polite, well mannered child. One that is really kind." she complimented.

Harry smiled softly. 'Thank you...That's really nice to say..."

"Now...you'll be staying with me for a little while."

Harry nodded. "Yay!" He said happily.

"Now...you can help me out during School time. Just stick close." she said, asking if he understood.

Harry nodded. "How can I help?"

"By staying polite, and quiet." Goodwitch informed him.

Harry nodded. "I'm really good at that."

"I noticed. Now...I want you to tell me how you came into their possession." she asked, pulling him onto her lap.

Harry looked down. "M-My mommy and daddy died in a car crash when I was a baby..."

"Oh dear..." She commented, brushing some hair away from his face.

"T-Then Uncle Vernon took me in because he's nice...but he was also mean..and..."

Glynda shook her head. "That man is as far from nice as a human being can possibly get." She said gently.

"Y-Yes ma'am..."

"Now...what did they say and do to you?" She asked, rubbing his back. Harry bit his lip. Could he REALLY tell her...? "Dear. If you tell me, your family will never be an issue again..." She offered. Harry nodded slowly, then took a deep breath. It was a LONG story... But as he looked up at her...she looked trustworthy enough.

So he began to tell her everything. It took an hour, and by the end of it Harry was a blubbering mess with tears coming from his eyes. And Glynda was trying to keep her composure, trying to restrain the fury building up inside her. "A-And then...h-he threw me out into the street! And he d-didn't come back f-for the whole Nigh-gh-ght!" he tearfully cried, long since burying his face in her neck, searching for comfort.

Glynda was more than ready to oblige, holding him as tightly against her as she could. "Alright alright shh...no more of that. I have all I need..." she whispered, atempting to calm him as best she could.

But he just couldn't stop crying... He wanted to so bad, but he couldn't. Soon Glynda's shirt was soaking wet with his hot tears. She was trying everything in her power to calm him but...she just couldn't!

It was incredibly, INCREDIBLY heartbreaking. Even for the stone cold sort of woman Glynda was. She decided she'd have to move him to a different environment, one more comfortable. She carried him to the bedroom. He still needed his nap. He was going to cry himself to sleep, she could tell. She laid him down and say down next to him, stroking his hair as he clung to her. She actually felt tears threatening to form in HER eyes! She shushed him a little more until... Silence. Glorious silence from that painful tears. And the sound of soft snores replaced it. She looked down at his sleeping expression and blushed. He looked...somehow more cute than before. She then leaned over and kissed his head. "It's decided. You're staying with me." She whispered. As she said this, she let a small smile grace her features. Glynda Goodwitch...Harry Goodwitch...it was an oddly fitting name. Smiling, she rose to her feet. "Goodnight Harry Goodwitch...I shall see you at dinner.." She whispered, shutting the door on him. Harry, as if responding to her voice, smiled softly in his sleep. And Goodwitch snapped a picture real quick before shutting the door...therefore, the fate was sealed. They'd be together for a long time.

Chapter 2

Harry stirred around... He didn't know what he was sleeping on...but it was warm and it was soft. He coaxed his eyes open and looked around... He spotted Glynda, in PJ's, hair pulled down from her bun. At some point she'd slipped into bed, which meant Harry had been sleeping for...a long time. Harry didn't count very well.. He didn't say anything, however. He just snuggled up closer to her, clutching at her shirt. He wanted her hugs... He heard her groan and felt two pairs of arms wrap around him. He smiled. He looked to see that it was actually pretty dark outside... Must have been early. Then an alarm clock went off, startling the crap out of Harry. Glynda snapped up as well, eyes wide. "Ahh! What? Who's...Oh..." She yawned. "It's morning..."

"H-Hi..." He whispered, snuggling up to Glynda. Glynda gave him a smile.

"Well hello..." She patted his back and he smiled at her. "Did you have a restful sleep?" She asked, in a more maternal tone than she originally intended.

Harry nodded at her. "I-I did...it was nice..."

"You slept for a very long time." She chided.

He flinched and covered his eyes. "I'm sorry...So so sorry...I won't do it again, don't be mad at me..."

Glynda put a finger on his lips. "Shhh...you did nothing wrong. I was teasing."

He sighed with relief. "You're not mad...?" He squeaked.

Glynda smiled and lifted him up and out of bed. "Not at all. I don't know how I could be mad at you."

He tilted his head. "Um...Well...I'm a freak...You can be mad at me for that..."

Glynda gave him a stern look. "Harry...you are not a freak. We've been over this..."

"I'm sorry. I'll stop." Harry squeaked, covering his eyes.

Glynda sighed, then sat down on her bed, putting Harry in her lap. "Would you like to know what I see when I look at you?" She asked

Harry blinked. "Um...Wh-What?" He asked shyly.

Glynda stroked his hair. "I see an adorable child, who's been mistreated beyond belief. A child who needs love and care." He blushed and covered his eyes. Glynda smirked. He was so shy. "Now...today's school day, so let's get ready and go over there, ya?" She asked, uncovering his face.

Harry blinked. "I'm going too?" He asked softly, tilting his head.

"Yes." She replied. Carrying him into the bathroom she set him on the toilet seat and started to strip him for a bath.

"But won't I get in the way?" He asked, tilting his head. "You're probably really busy..."

Glynda tisked. "I just need you to remain at my side. Can you do that?"

Harry nodded readily. "I'll be close..." He said. "I promise."

Glynda giggled and patted his head. "Perfect. Ready for your bath?" Harry smiled widely. He always wanted a bath. He wanted to be clean and smell nice! She started running the water, but stopped when she saw his body...really looked. It was awful...scarred terribly... She grimaced and shook her head. 'Don't dwell on it...' She thought to herself. 'Just get him clean...' As she set him into the tub, and started to wash his hair. He cooed at the feeling and giggled.

She giggled back. "Well, well, enjoying your bath, are you?" She asked in amusement. He nodded slowly.

"It...feels...really nice..." He said. She smiled and continued washing.

"Well then, there will be plenty more where that comes from." She said calmly. She rubbed the shampoo into his hair. After scrubbing his head, she closed his eyes with her fingers before finding his head. She giggled at his surprised reaction and sudden sputter. "Didn't see that coming?" He didn't say anything, afraid of the bad tasting stuff getting in his mouth again. It was yucky. He didn't like it. She rinsed him again to make sure, the moved onto conditioner. After doing that, she had to cleanse his body...and she was scared to touch him. What if she Hurt him...? She took a deep breath and set to work. She noticed he would tense up every now and then. She patted his head to apologize each time. And soon...he was all clean! She wrapped him up in a towel and set him on the bed. "Now wait here. I need to wash too." Harry nodded obediently and watched as she left. He hummed softly to himself again as he waited. Glynda heard him and smirked. She hummed in response, and then heard Harry stop...before he picked up again. As she showered herself, they hummed their own little duet. By the time it ended, Glynda was done her shower. She stepped out, wrapped in a towel, and smiled. "That was lovely."

"Y-Your voice is pretty..." Harry giggled. She grinned and stepped behind a changing curtain she had in her room, putting on her usual outfit. Harry was still wrapped in a towel...

When she came back out, she studied him closely. "Hmm...You need clothes." She said calmly.

"I-I don't have...clothes..." He replied. Glynda giggled.

"Of course not." She looked thoughtful. "What to do, what to do...?" She mused. She shrugged. "We'll improvise." She said, pulling out a random sweater she owned, along with Harry's old jeans. She sighed and slipped them on... Then she realized that she couldn't

see them under the length of the sweater. "...That works." She shrugged. Then she picked him up beneath the armpits.

As his arms hung at his sides, she noticed how his sleeves dangled low. She giggled. It was...adorable. "Let's go to school, shall we?" She said, an amused quirk of her brow visible. He nodded happily. Glynda carried him out into the dark streets, and towards her car. If you were wondering how Glynda was getting to school by car, there was a secret special road behind the school that Teacher's took to get to school. That way they didn't have to fly every time. Harry smiled when he saw her car. It was pretty...He liked it. She set him in the back, buckled him in, then sat in her seat and started the car. Then she realized...Breakfast! She'd forgotten! 'Oh, I'll just pick something up on the way.' She thought. 'Even if I have to resort to...ugh...fast food...' She drove around, then looked back at Harry. "Are you hungry dear? I can pick us up something..."

Harry shook his head. But then his traitorous stomach growled. "Shh!" He scolded it.

Glynda nodded. "Well...lets go then." She switched lanes. But then she got a better idea! Coffee! She could get pastries instead of greasy hash browns! Plus, she was not pleasant to be around if she didn't have her morning coffee at some point. She didn't want her students to HATE her or anything. So...yeah, this was a necessity. She ordered Two Blueberry muffins, ordered herself Black Coffee, then asked Harry what he wanted. "Honey? Hot Chocolate or Coffee?" It was a rhetorical question really.

"Um...Hot chocolate, please..." Harry squeaked. It sounded a lot yummier. She told the woman at the sign, checked her total, then pulled up and paid. Harry watched as she exchanged the money, the got a brown paper bag. She took her own muffin out of it, then handed Harry his as she drove. He stared at it with a tilted head, then took a small bite. He smiled, deciding he liked it. He had another bite. She WOULD have handed Harry his hot chocolate...but it was well, hot. She'd give it to him when they got to the school. That worked out. She explained the plan to him as they drove. He listened

closely and clapped. He couldn't wait to have his hot chocolate! As the rode up the mountain through the back road, Harry watched the sun rise in the distance. The colours blurred together, and Harry couldn't help but feel warm... "I-I...I like the sunrise..."

Glynda smiled warmly. "Yes, so do I." She replied. "It's gorgeous, isn't it?" She turned up onto a hill and entered into the back lot. She stood up out of the car, grabbed her food, then helped Harry out of the back seat. She handed him his Hot Chocolate, and told him to stay close to her.

He held his cup in one hand and clutched her leg with the other. He was going to obey! He wouldn't get separated! Glynda lead Harry through the school, the empty, empty school. Students would be awakening from their dorms soon. It was imperative she got to her office...but Ozpin wanted to see her. Sighing, she made her way to his office. She gave a curt nod to the students who stopped to catch a glimpse of Harry. They turned and continued walking when they saw her. She smirked at the sight of Harry waving when the female students cooed. She lead Harry into another room, then entered the elevator alongside Harry. "W-Where are we going?" Harry asked, worried

"We are going to the principal's office." She said with a smile. "He's a very nice man."

Harry tilted his head. "H-He is...?" He asked, cautious. Glynda knelt down and patted his head.

"Oh yes. He's nicer than me, in fact." She said, smiling at him.

Harry shook his head, then hugged her knee. "N-No...you're the nicest lady ever..." He told her sincerely.

"Oh, no, I can't be. There has to be someone nicer than me." She said, amused.

"Nooo!" Harry said, shaking his head. "You're tall and pretty and nice and you give me hugs and kisses!"

Glynda clutched at her chest. 'Ugh...So cute...' She thought. She patted his head. "Alright then...I'm the nicest lady ever."

"Yay!" He cheered happily, throwing his arms up. She just shook her head in amusement.

The door dinged, and the doors opened. Harry grabbed onto Glynda. A voice called, "Ahh, Glynda. Good morning."

"Hello, Professor Ozpin." Glynda replied. "You wished to speak with me?"

"Yes yes." The man smiled. "I wanted to discuss your new charge."

Glynda looked at Harry. "I see. Well, here he is. I brought him along with me today."

"Where did you get him?" Ozpin asked. Glynda sighed.

"I..found him. Out in the hallway. With his...'relatives'..."

Ozpin nodded at her. "No need to go into detail, Glynda. I'm fully aware of everything that happened yesterday."

Glynda internally sighed with relief. "I see." She said calmly. "Good."

"What I AM wondering, is what you intend to do with him." Ozpin asked. Glynda replied with,

"I'm keeping him. He needs me."

Harry nodded and hugged Glynda's leg. Ozpin smiled. "I never thought I'd see the day where you of all people would be a mother." Glynda felt the blush on her face as she picked up Harry and carried him against her hip. Ozpin gave Harry a wave. "Hello there Young

Man." Harry hid his face in Glynda's side. Ozpin chuckled. "I see he's shy, not like his mother at all." He said, leaning back in his chair.

"Well, is this all you needed Headmaster?" Glynda asked curtly. Ozpin nodded.

"Yes. You may go to work now. Thank you, Glynda." Glynda nodded. Then carried Harry away. Harry gave Ozpin a wave as they entered the Elevator. "If things get too hectic, you're free to bring him here!" He called out.

"Oh. Why thank you, sir." Glynda replied.

At that, the door closed. "H-He was nice..." Harry said

"I told you." Glynda said with a smile. "He IS a nice man." Glynda began to lead Harry around the school, monitoring and making sure things were smoothly running. As she did this, the bell rang and students seemed to flow through the doors. She sighed It was a large crowd today. Harry was clutching at her clothes tightly. He was uneasy. He kept hearing awws, and feeling stares on him. It only made him more worried... "I have Sparring first hour, Harry." Harry looked at her and tilted his head. "It means fighting." She explained. "Practice fighting."

"F-Fighting..?!" Harry asked. "W-Why are the fighting?!"

Glynda sighed. "Well...It's complicated. I'll explain it when you're older."

Harry then blinked. "O-Oh...t-they're gonna fight monsters...?" He asked

"Yes, Harry. They're going to fight monsters." Glynda replied.

"Are they gonna win?"

Glynda patted his head. "Of course they will. Either that, or they'll try."

Harry smiled. "Do they fight good?" He asked curiously.

Glynda whispered to him, "They're very talented...don't tell them I said that~." Harry nodded. Glynda placed him in her chair and stood in front of her desk. She clasped her hands together, waiting for class to begin. Harry was about to witness just how powerful her students were. First to enter was top student, Pyrrha Nikos. She gave Glynda a wave, before noticing to boy in her chair. "Oh, is that the child the school is talking about Miss Goodwitch?"

Glynda sighed. "Is it really such big news? Why are you all so invested in him?" She asked, exasperated.

Pyrrha raised a hand to her giggling mouth. "Well, Truth be told you don't seem much the type! May I meet him?"

"Well, if he's willing. He's very shy, so he may be a bit hesitant." Glynda explained. Glynda turned to look at Harry. "My student wants to say hello. Is that okay?"

Harry looked unsure for a moment, before nodding. Pyrrha giggled and approached him. "Well hello there!"

Harry blushed and shrunk back into his seat. "H-Hi..!" He squeaked.

"My name is Pyrrha. What's yours?"

"H-Harry..." Harry replied timidly.

"Well, it's an honour to meet you, young Harry. He blushed even more, and flinched away, hiding in his seat. Glynda patted his head, comfortingly. Pyrrha laughed once more, then returned to her seat. "He's a darling thing, Ms. Goodwitch." She said politely, clasping her hands together. "I hope he's well."

Glynda nodded. "He'll be well as long as he's in my care. That's a promise."

"I know you will treat him well." Pyrrha replied. And she said nothing more.

But you know who did? Nora Valkyrie as she entered the room. As she did, she caught sight of Harry. "...CUTIE!"

Harry squeaked as he was picked up. "Miss Valkyrie..." Glynda groaned, putting her head on the desk.

"Awww, But Miss G, look at him! He might be the most adorable little snuggle bug I've ever seen!" She cooed.

"Yes, but he's also shy and you're frightening him." Glynda replied, hands on her hips. Harry WAS pretty scared at the Orange haired girls sudden hug. He squeezed his eyes shut and reached out for Glynda. She happy swiped him up. "Now, take your seat please, Miss Valkyrie." She said mirthfully. "Class will start any moment now."

"Aww okay. Bye cutie-patootie!" Nora waved, pole vaulting into her seat.

Harry blinked as he stared at her. Pyrrha just giggled at what had happened. "Nora's unique." She explained. "But very sweet."

Harry nodded shyly as Glynda set him in his seat. Soon, more and more students piled in, and everyone wanted to know about Harry. So Glynda raised a hand and directed them to their seats as the bell rang. There was a moment of silence. "...If there are any questions, raise your hand." Everyone in the room raised their hand and she sweatdropped.

She called on the most eager, Ruby Rose, first. She blurted out, "Can I hug him again?! Please? He's so sweet and widdle!"

Glynda pinched the bridge of her nose. "...Harry?" She turned to him. "Will you let anyone who wants to hold you...hold you?"

Harry recognized Ruby from yesterday however, and he nodded. Ruby smelled like strawberries, and was super soft! In the blink of an eye, Ruby snatched him up "Yaaay..." She said softly. "He's like a little feather..."

Glynda looked at the other raised hands. She called on poor, clueless Jaune Arc. "So uh...is he biologically your kid?"

Everyone gave him a stare. How did he not know about what had happened?! "Jaune, remember what happened yesterday?" Yang asked.

"I was sick that day..." Jaune replied.

Glynda shook her head. "No. I adopted him from...less than desirable environments."

Jaune blinked. "Someone'll explain it to ya later, Jauney Boy." Cardin called out, sounding unusually grim.

Jaune returned to his seat. Glynda called on Yang next. "Soooo...can I hug the little guy?"

"Ask him. If he says it's okay, go ahead." Glynda replied.

"Hey there little guy!" Yang grinned. Harry waved, shyly. The blonde lady was tall...and she looked nice. He looked up at Ruby and nodded. She pouted, then sighed and handed him off to her sister. Yang accepted him readily. She held him like she held Ruby as a kid. Gently but smotheringly. She rested Harry's head on her chest and hummed. "Gee...you're cute!" Harry took a moment. He was analyzing what it was like to be held by this girl. It seemed everyone who held him had a unique feel and scent... Blonde Lady smelled like coconut shampoo, and motor oil for some reason. She was also firm, but really gentle in her hugs. He decided she was an awesome lady! So he hugged back. Yang chuckled. "Well, he's a real cuddler." She said. Glynda smiled, knowing full well this was the case.

She picked up Harry once again and handed him back to Glynda. Even though many others has questions, She disregarded them. "It's time to start class, students." They all groaned. "I will answer your questions later." She said. Harry sat on the desk, drinking what remained of his hot chocolate, while Glynda talked about Proper Form. Everything wasn't very fun...until Glynda pulled out her riding crop and blew a dummy to smithereens. Harry gasped "Now then... Shall we get to sparring?" She asked.

The class readily agreed, and they all hopped up. Glynda took up Harry in her arms and waved the class out the door to go to the Sparring Arena. "W-Where are we going?" He asked.

"To watch my students spar." Glynda replied.

"What's a 'spar'? Harry asked.

"They practice fight one another." Glynda told him, heels clicking. Harry nodded.

"Okay..." He replied. Maybe it was cool...

As most students hopped into the bleachers, Ruby and Pyrrha hopped into the ring. Glynda stood off to the side, observing...while also cradling Harry. Harry breathed in and out. His guardian smelled like Blueberries... Glynda, sadly, had to place him down. She had to be close to see the action, and didn't want him getting hurt. She patted his head. Harry looked sad, but then Glynda gave him a gentle push towards the bleachers. He walked over, but was picked up by Yang. "You can hang with me!" He smiled. At least a nice person was gonna hold him. That made it all okay. He watched as Miss Ruby and Pyrrha fought with all their might. It was so cool! He was so excited! He wanted to be cool like that too! He leaned forward, watching with rapt attention. Yang chuckled.

"You like the fighting? It's pretty fun to watch." She laughed.

"Uh-huh! Are you super cool too?" Harry asked, eyes sparkling in delight.

Yang grinned. "Kid I'm the best fighter here!" She laughed. Weiss gladly flicked her.

"Is that why I always beat you?" She asked with a smirk. Yang frowned.

"Lucky break, that's what it is."

Harry looked at Weiss with a tilted head. Why did she flick Yang...? Weiss noticed his staring. "Oh, don't worry." She said. "I only flicked her because she's a goofball."

"W-Who're you...?" He asked. The white haired lady was scary looking.

Weiss looked slightly upset at the fear in his voice but shrugged it off. "My name is Weiss. Weiss Schnee."

"You look like a princess..." Harry squeaked.

Weiss felt her heart start to melt. "W-Well...you're...oh my gosh you're so cute!" She cried, snatching him into her arms.

He let out a squeak. "Heeeey..." Yang complained.

Weiss stuck her tongue out as she hugged him close. "He's just so cute! I never wanna get rid of him!" Harry blinked and looked up at her. She smiled back. He took a moment to analyze her hug. Miss Schnee held him a little harshly, but she wasn't trying to be mean. She also smelled like Snow! Or rather, how it smelled when snow was everywhere. And yet she was warm, and there was a hint of...vanilla. Maybe perfume... Her hugs were nice too. He hugged back after a minute, to Weiss' joy. "Oh you are ADORABLE! I just want to feed you cookies-"

"That's the match!" Glynda called.

Ruby was pouting with her arms crossed. "Why are you so good, Pyrrha? Stop being so good!" She said.

Pyrrha giggled. "You just need some practice, Ruby! You'll get better than me, I'm sure!"

Ruby sighed and made her way back to the bleachers, Pyrrha following behind. They both sat. Ruby casually took Harry away from Weiss. "Hey!-"

"Hi Harry! Did you see the-"

Pyrrha snatched Harry. "Ruby, will you allow me to hold him for a moment?"

"Awww..." Ruby pouted.

Harry blinked. Time to analyze another hug... Pyrrha smelled like banana's! She was very VERY muscular...but also comfy too. Like laying on a memory foam mattress. He looked over to see what was next. He wanted to see more fights. It was super cool. He looked over at the sparring ring to see a tall boy with grey hair, fighting with a tall boy in armor abs a giant mace. The Grey haired boy was dominating the fight. Quite easily too. Harry clapped cheerfully. The students all looked at him with smiles. They remembered being just like him at that age... It was several matches later, and Harry was extremely hyped up. He was bouncing up and down repeatedly, grinning. Pyrrha smiled as the bell rang. "Want to go back to Miss Goodwitch now?"

Harry nodded eagerly. He liked everyone else, but Miss Goodwitch was the best. And the cuddliest. She carried Harry back to Goodwitch, who seemed to eagerly take him back. "Hi miss Goodwitch!" Harry greeted. Glynda gave his forehead a peck.

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

Harry nodded eagerly. "I wanna be like them!" He said brightly.

Glynda smirked at him. "One day, maybe you'll go here. Does that sound fun?" He nodded so fast he almost gave himself whiplash. "Oh, be careful. You'll have a headache." Glynda said, mirthfully. Harry nodded and laid his head on her shoulder. She rubbed circles on his back and lead him out of the room, towards her office. "I have some paperwork to do Harry."

"Oh...Okay." He said with a nod. He had to be patient.

"Let's see...you may...draw pictures? Would you like that?" Glynda asked. Harry's eyes sparkled in delight. He'd draw something for Miss Goodwitch! She'd love it! He nodded happily and Glynda handed him a pencil and a sheet of printer paper. Harry happily set to work, holding the pencil entirely wrong. But, he was determined. And Glynda found it adorable. But she couldn't focus on it for long. She had her work to focus on. So, she set to work on her computer. All the while, Harry Drew and drew, working hard to complete his drawing. After an hour or so, Glynda completed her daily work and stood. "Well, Harry? What did you draw?" She asked.

He held up his paper to show...a very childish looking stick figure drawing. One was tall, and it must've been her due to the hair. The other figure was tiny, and holding hands with her. She stared at it for a moment. Her chest hurt. Was she having a cuteness overload? "D-Do you like it...?" He asked, hopeful. Glynda gave him a deep hug.

"Of course I do..."

"Yay!" Harry cheered happily. Glynda picked him up.

"I absolutely love it..." She breathed, hugging him tightly. He gladly snuggled closer.

"Good..." He said softly. "I worked hard on it..."

Glynda carried him out of the room and into the crowd of students. "I know you did. It's lovely." He smiled with pride and snuggled up. She was smiling warmly all the while. Taking him in...was a good idea.

She strutted over to the teachers lounge. "How about we relax in here?" She asked. Harry nodded brightly. She smirked mirthfully as she entered. He really was cute. And like she said before... Adopting him was a good idea. A really really good idea...